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KNAVE

VOLUME 15 NUMBER 4

MAI LIN–THE HOT CHINA DOLL OF AMERICAN PORN

THE COWARD'S ALMANAC

TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS' SPECTACULAR SPAGHETTI STRIP

THE RUDEST NUDIST

AND ONE DOZEN THINGS A GENTLEMAN SHOULD KNOW

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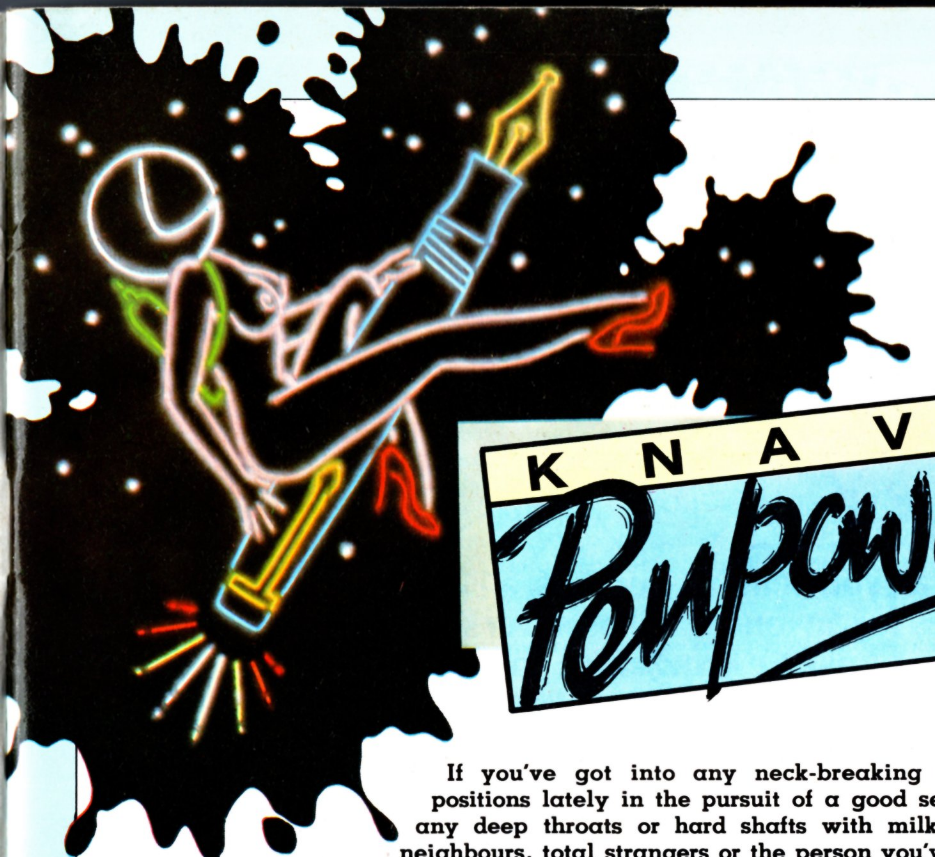

KNAVE Penpower

If you've got into any neck-breaking or hair-raising positions lately in the pursuit of a good sex-life, received any deep throats or hard shafts with milkmen, next-door neighbours, total strangers or the person you've shared a bed with for twenty years, send them in all haste to: Penpower, Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. All submissions treated in strictest confidence.

Praise At Last

Your Vol. 14 No. 12 issue shows a great improvement over the Christmas offering. As I wrote somewhat critically about that issue I thought I should redress the balance. The picture sets are much better, and the amateur model more adequately posed and photographed.

However, it is in the written content of the magazine that I find the greatest improvement. All the articles have some interest, and in particular the feature 'Dirty Words For Clean Classics' — which was very well done; the Conan Doyle-style piece was especially impressive. Ed Lancaster obviously has a flair for this kind of writing — perhaps we could have more from time to time. — *J.C.C., Chigwell.*

All About Amy

When I saw Vol. 14 No. 12 I immediately fell in love with your Amateur Model, Amy Robinson. She really is the typical fresh-faced young English blonde, with her creamy white skin, her well-shaped pert breasts, and her sweet fluffy muff of pubic hair. She could wrap her legs around me anytime — more please? — *R.M., Launceston.*

Bulk Storage

When I was a young man in the sixties I was very fat and heavy. The impression people got was that fatties were out of the sex stakes. I wasn't. I was lucky because I made friends easily and went round with a crowd who accepted me as me and not as a freak.

One of our pastimes was playing 'knights on horseback' and we would use one another as steeds in piggyback fights. Most of the time the boys played the horses. Frequently the girls insisted on being the horses and giving the boys piggyback rides. Being very fat I never expected to be included in the reversal of roles, but sometimes the girls would try to get me on their backs in a kind of contest. Most girls collapsed, while some staggered about for a few seconds before we fell to a heap on the ground. Being young and fruity. I got my fair share of groping, as did everyone else.

There were a couple of girls who could carry me and not be crippled, Joanne and Gillian. Joanne was very strong for her normal size, but Gillian was the better of the two. She was a large girl, weighing over thirteen stone, to my eighteen, and her breasts and thighs just steamed me out. We usually visited parks, but sometimes went to the beach, and these were the best times, for everyone was in swimwear and bodily contact was heightened by being flesh to flesh. I'd grip Gillian's waist tightly with my thighs, and hang on to her neck as her bum wiggled against mine and my hands jiggled discreetly against her breasts. She was very proud of being really the only girl who was strong enough to take me.

At times the group fragmented and I always paired off with Gillian and another couple, Joanne and Paul. The four of us were not the leading members of the group and just ordinary looking, so we had something in common, which made us good company for one another.

We'd all go to Paul's place when his parents were out and have little orgies. God, Gillian was incredible, the things she'd get up to. It all seems pretty regular and harmless now, but then it wasn't. We'd strip naked, that was the first thing. Then Paul and myself would get on hands and knees and the girls would sit astride our backs as we carried them about the room. Gillian always rubbed herself off on my back and jiggled my prick and balls with her heels.

When the girls had come and were glowing with satisfaction we rolled them off us and got them to go on all fours. Paul always sat astride Joanne's back facing her behind so he could jiggle with her tits with his heels, while I mounted Gillian facing her head. Full weight at all times was our motto or it wasn't worth doing.

With Gillian's broad shoulders and strong back between my thighs, I never took long to spurt all over her. Staying astride her back, I'd move my weight on her as I reached down and fondled her breasts or fingered her crotch. While Paul usually sixty-nined on top of Joanne, I'd cling to my cushiony girl's back and frig her off a treat. When she came she would always insist I stayed on when she collapsed on to the floor face down. I had to kneel on her bum and really push down hard to help her squirming and writhing in climax.

If time was on our side we would swap partners. I didn't mind going with Joanne but she wasn't as robust as Gillian, and Gillian thought Paul always played a bit to

Amy aiming to please her many fans.

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rough as he rode her round the place. When we reverted to our proper partners we'd then have intercourse. Gillian would lie flat on her back with her big thighs flexing, while I inserted my short but fat prick. I couldn't move as well as Paul, but every thrust I made carried with it all my weight and I'd push us a few feet across the carpet using prick power.

A very happy time for me.
— E.T., Greenford.

Pussy In Disguise

I have worked as a travel courier for travel companies for years, and I thought my experience this year might be of interest to some of your readers.

As a travel courier, male, with 20 years experience and 5 languages, I have travelled a bit. It's very common for a bit of sex and I think the English girls seem to expect it. I think some come in and lie on their backs for a fortnight.

However, this was entirely different. At the welcome for our new clients, I was in a quiet resort in Menorca, staying in apartments near the only two large hotels in the area. We had the usual assortment of travellers; this was September, so no kids.

One couple, a large man and smallish woman, both about 30, didn't attract me. The first night the woman was very friendly, and we had a round of drinks. The couple, called Sue and John, bought some of my excursions. This went on for about three days, when she asked me if I could help fix the 'plumbing' in her room.

Anyway, we ended up having sex in her room. She told me to come inside her, and that she had little experience of men. The upshot was she became a bit of a pest really. However, I had sex with her about five times, over the next six days or so.

About the ninth or tenth day, we were up in her room at eleven o'clock, when the door opened and John, her husband, came in. "Don't worry," she said, as I almost jumped out of the bed. "We have a problem and we hope that you can help us solve it."

Well, I was in no real position to argue, lying stark naked on top of the bed. Sue reached out to her friend and said "Let's show him." Her friend started to undress. Now I thought her friend was a man until the pants came off, but what I thought would be there wasn't there. She pulled off her shirt and I realised that he was actually a very tall thin woman, with no breasts at all. Two slightly larger than normal nipples only.

Sue then said, "We have been living together as man and wife for about ten years. We met at school and have been together virtually ever since. However, we both want a family before I am too old. Unfortunately it doesn't seem to work for me, so we have been trying for some time to get 'John' pregnant. You've had me, but if it doesn't work with me it might with 'John'." 'John' looked absolutely miserable.

I said "For goodness sake relax, and let's all talk this out." It seemed that the two had been trying to have a family for some time, and Sue had recently been picking men up which her friend did not like.

Sue continued: "What we want is for you to make love to Joan and see if the penny drops with her." So Sue warmed me up while Joan played with herself, and then I entered Joan, and we both managed to come. We made love for the last days of their holiday, all three of us together in bed.

So, if ever you are on holiday and you are approached by a small woman in her early 30s with reddish hair, you might find yourself involved with the unexpected, as happened to me last September in Menorca. — *G.O., Croydon*

Three's Fair Game

I buy your magazine every month because I think it is the best production of its kind. I do see others from time to time but they do not compare.

Mind you, I recall reading what were called 'pin up' magazines way back when the ladies rarely appeared entirely unclothed and, if they did, they looked like bits of marble, completely sexless, since the space between their legs was always blanked out.

Nice girls, in those days, did not give themselves to men before marriage, and most young brides were virgins on their wedding days.

My wife was seventeen when I met her. She was a virgin and so was I. Even though we petted and played around quite a lot we both accepted that we would be virgins too when we were married. It was the accepted thing in those days.

We read the letters in your publication and would like to believe the things that they tell, but we always have a doubt. What always makes us doubt is the great detail that all the writers seem to recall like size, length, and time as well as a complete picture of every single thing that took place. On top of that, everything is always so perfect. If they describe a penis it's always large and virile, while if they have their first sexual experience it always lasts for about three hours or so . . . which it doesn't, does it? You know what I mean.

I speak from experience, and this experience took place only about a month after Jan and I were married. We had been to a party and afterwards my best mate drove Jan and me home to our flat. We had had quite a bit and were a little drunk. Alan, Jan and I were sitting drinking coffee and chatting.

As I say, we were all a little under the influence of drink and were playing about when, behind Jan's back and without her knowing about it, I unfastened my flies and took my penis out and made rude gestures with it so that Alan could see. He laughed and Jan looked around and saw what I was doing. She protested, but laughed as well.

That little incident was all that was needed to break the ice. I looked out of the window and saw a bit of mist, and told Alan that there was a thick fog and that he'd better stay with us for the night. He didn't argue, except to say that there wasn't room in our tiny flat. I replied that of course there was . . . we had a big double bed. Surprisingly, Jan jumped on to the bandwagon straight away and joined me in persuading my mate to stay. She even warned how dangerous it was to drive in fog.

Well, Alan hesitantly agreed and, at Jan's suggestion, he and I went to the bedroom and got undressed, then into bed. A little later Jan came into the bedroom and

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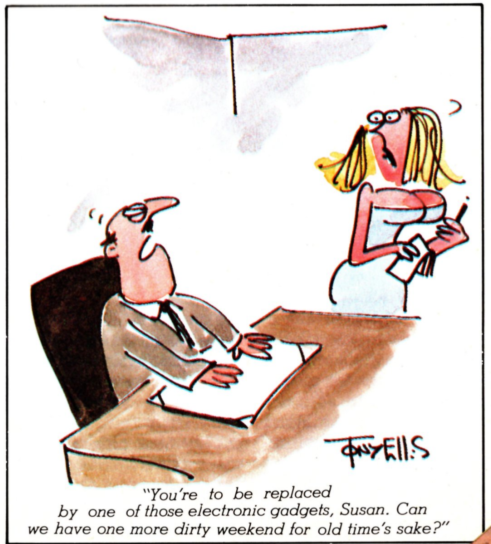


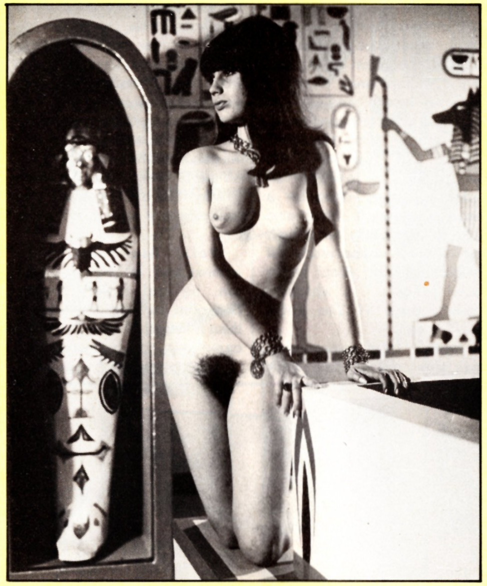
"You're to be replaced by one of those electronic gadgets, Susan. Can we have one more dirty weekend for old time's sake?"

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

A Kick in the Cobras

It was a chance meeting on the Serpentine. Celia, an innocent young thing fresh from school; Clive, antipodean, just plain fresh and a recent graduate of the Goolie Springs Academy of Etiquette and Animal Husbandry. He nosed her stern, she nudged his rollocks and soon they were back at his Earl's Court broom cupboard. Intelligent conversation flowed like cold porridge until Clive recalled his social training and made meaningful suggestions. Celia, understanding nothing, left immediately.

Kiss of life to a puff-adder? Smearing lipstick on the pocket python? Perhaps, she reflected later, there was something to it after all. Sadly her local pet shop didn't stock the trouser snake he had spoken of, but a garter snake seemed just as good. Since then she's never looked back – stupid girl. Still, at least this way her naïveté won't lead to the unwelcome sound of rattles . . . I wish I hadn't said that . . .



Asp a Silly Question

. . . and welcome to the press opening of the Ideal Graves Exhibition. You know the stuff: "Buy now for a tomb with a view." What they call pyramid selling. Mercifully, the comedian has just been beheaded, sparing you such punch lines as ". . . but the sycophagus they carried him off in" and "that was no dromedary, that was my girlfriend."

Now it's time for the glamour poses. Gladys (you surely didn't think they were all called Nefertiti) is an old hand at posing in the Anubis. Only last week she was star turn in "Sheik a Leg" at the Gaza Strip. As she poses for the painters, the scribes from the tabloid papyruses are going wild. Gladys has heard it all before. "Baby, I can put your name up in glyphs." Some hope. Anyway, after work she has a heavy date with a palm reader, and if that don't work out she can always go home to mummy!

Party Pieces

1982
조선도서목록
Catalogue
of Korean Books

It was a strangled voice that cried out across the Knave approved school-surplus desk. "Bugger me!" (Chorus in unison: "No thank you; join the Alliance," etc.) "The Koreans have brought out a novel called The Tale of Hong Gil Dong, and it only costs seventeen pence . . ." A tremor of cold fear ran round the office, through the papier mâché filing cabinets and disappeared up the assistant editor's leg. So, it had happened at last – a flood of cheap imported erotica from the People's Republic was about to be unleashed on an unsuspecting public, throwing us poor, starving men's magazine operatives on to the dole.

You could have cut the atmosphere with a remaindered dildo as we searched for further evidence. It was true. Further up the list was Song of Passion (novel), a steaming, torrid, 450 page, 70p tale of 'the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance displayed by the workers in a tractor plant who are boundlessly faithful to the Party and the leader.' Shares were frozen on the stock exchange at the shocking news that Fuss on an Iceberg and Boys With Rifles in Hands were also set to challenge for circulation. Damn! If they ever get round to translating Butterfly and Cock into English, we're finished . . .

Your Slip Knot is Showing

There's a limit to what an editor can take first thing in the morning, and in the case of Knave's hung over specimen, this was certainly it. Poor fellow never thought when Starlett said she'd bend over backwards to please, that it would come to such an unnerving display of auto-legover. No doubt it was all a game of charades, and this was Knot The Nine o'Clock Nudes. "Good Lord," exclaimed the ashen-tongued editor, "She's smiling in at least two places." Thank goodness photographers are made of sterner stuff.

It's No Use Crying . . .

I've heard tell of tits taking the top off the milk, but this is just plain ridiculous. Rachel, gold-topped amateur of the month, takes her tea breaks very seriously indeed. Most visitors to the studio make a bee-line for the vino, but Rachel must be the first ever to get plastered on dairy produce. The way she revels in that whipped and double is enough to set your empties rattling, and I'm sure Freud had something to say about oozing éclairs and cream-filled doughnuts. Makes you wonder, in the words of the advert, if you're getting enough, doesn't it? At least you can see that there's one pussy who got the cream.

STARLETT O'HARA

PHOTOGRAPHED K. K. JONES

Hi guys! Glad you could make it to this press conference to publicise mah movie, *Splendour in the Ass*. It's an up-dated, feminist version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I play Titania to Amanda Stroyer's Oberon and Clytie Labia's Bottom. "Miss O'Hara, could you tell us how you got your first break?" Sure, I played a plumber in *Briget on the River Kwai*. "Right, but didn't you also have a part in *Ice Cold in Alice*?" Yeah, I was the mad scientist, but that role came later. "Starlett, can you tell us about any new movies coming up?" I'm really excited about playing the Lucy Lovelips part in

USE

. . . a re-make of *Steep Throat*, set in a jet-setting Australian skiing resort and called *The Gizzard of Oz*. "Anything new outside the film world, Miss O'Hara?" I'm hoping to break into men's magazines. In fact I'm starring in *Caught in the Act* on pages 8 and 9 . . .

USE

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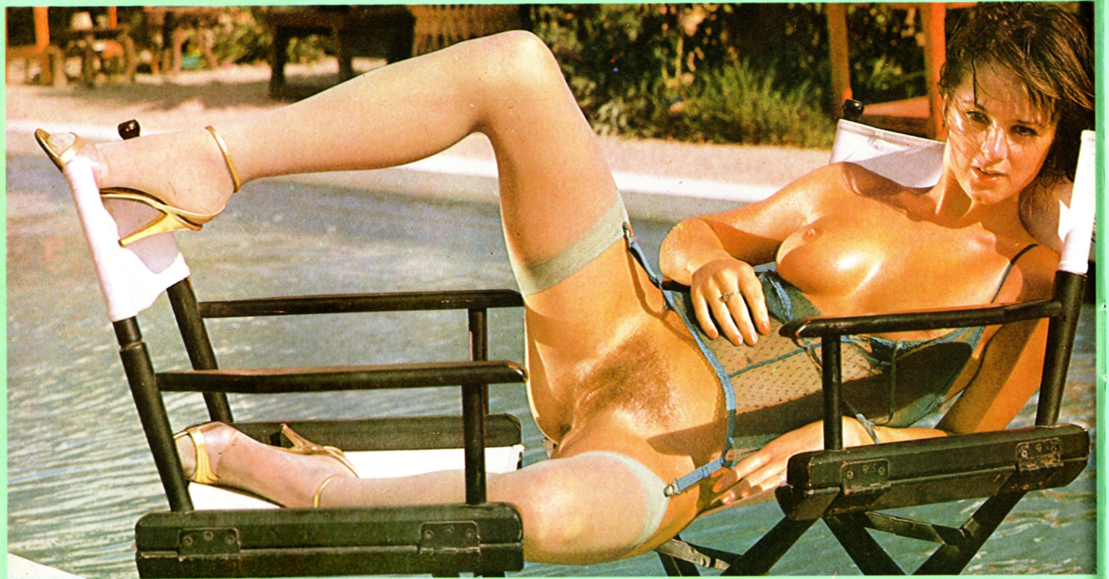
Karalyn

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

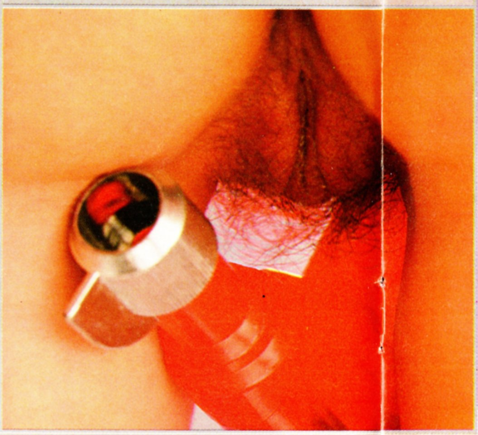
Just a taste of what could well be coming your way this summer, especially if you happen to have booked a Spanish Villa for your happy hols — and have booked Karalyn to go along with you.

That's the catch of course — and she's no easy one, we can assure you. Daddy has a few bob tucked away in stocks and shares, plus a number of off-shore trading interests.



But since she was educated in the States, she has an independence of spirit that has to be seen to be believed. Should Daddy cut up rough, it won't cut no ice with Karalyn. "It's my life — I lead it my way." On the subject of boyfriends/lovers

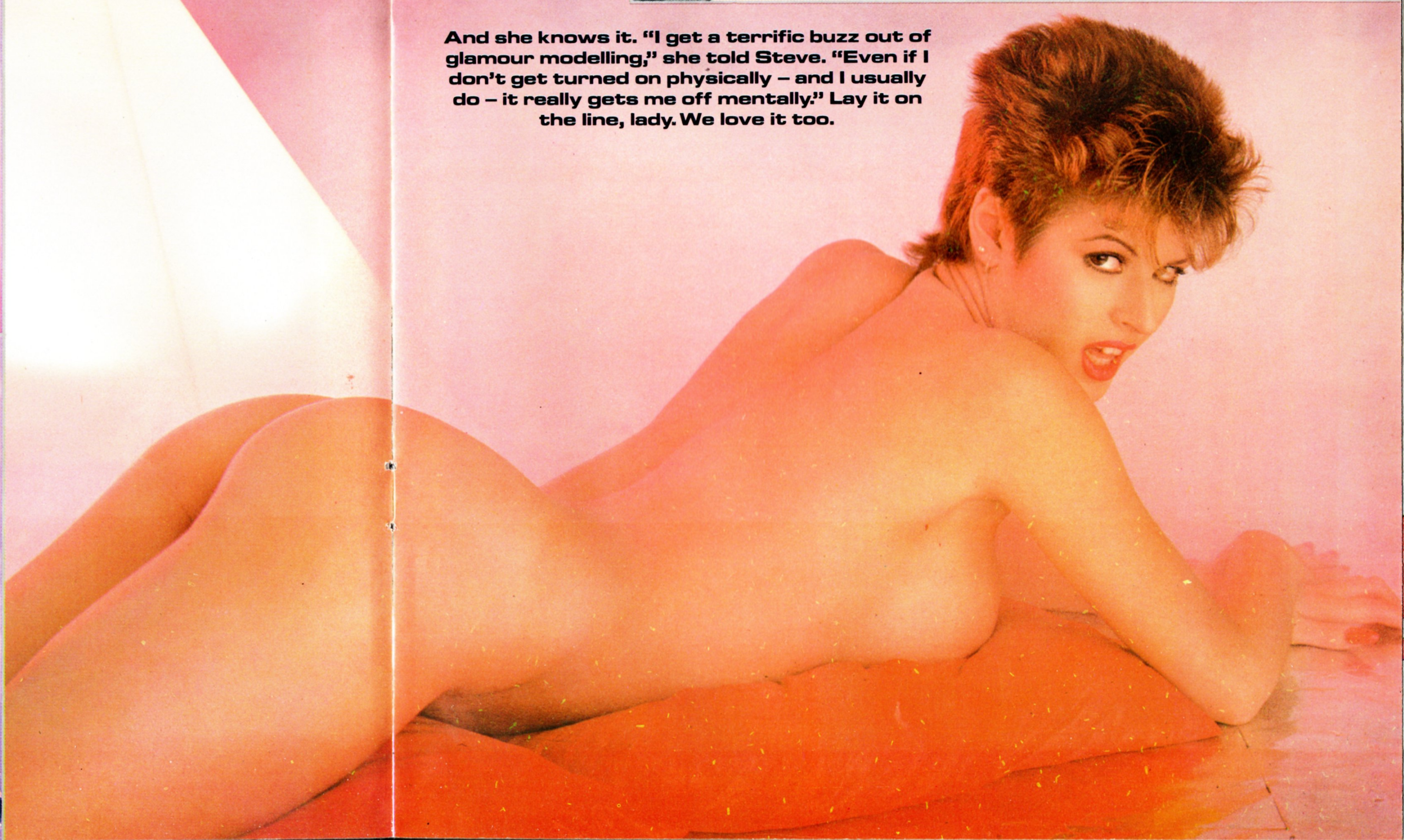
she's even more firm. "I don't want to settle down yet, so I go for good looking guys with beautiful bodies." Shame. She was a bit late for the flight to Espana and said she'd been messing about in the garage. "Putting my Rollers in," as she remarked.



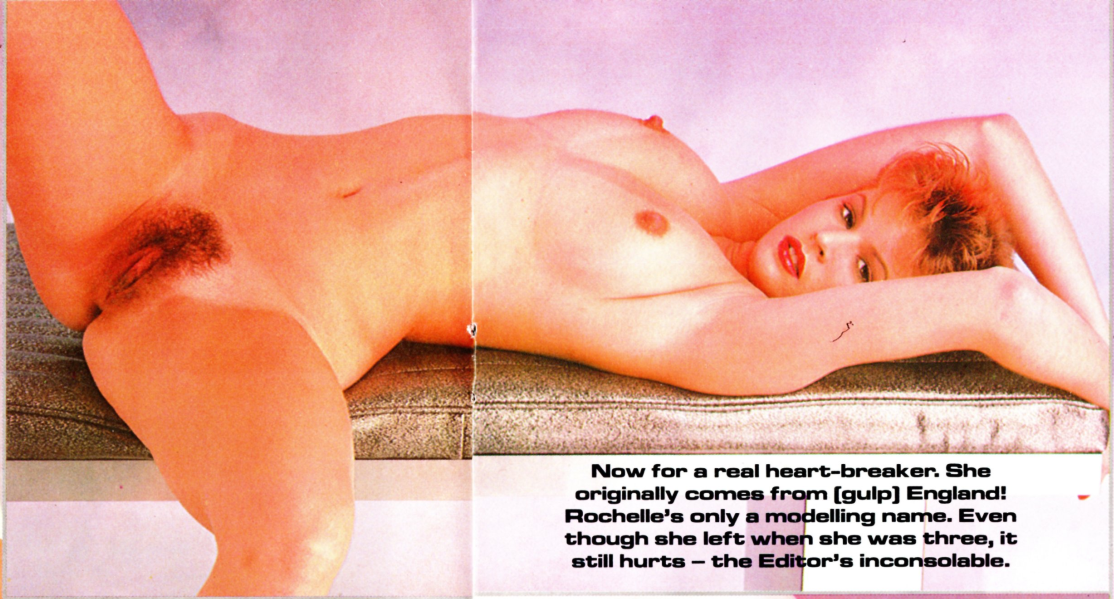
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

Rochelle

She's 21 years old, 5'7" tall, 35-22-36 – and she's devastatingly sexy.



And she knows it. "I get a terrific buzz out of glamour modelling," she told Steve. "Even if I don't get turned on physically – and I usually do – it really gets me off mentally." Lay it on the line, lady. We love it too.



Now for a real heart-breaker. She originally comes from [gulp] England! Rochelle's only a modelling name. Even though she left when she was three, it still hurts – the Editor's inconsolable.

ROCHELLE
KNAVE
MAGAZINE

MAI LIN

-THE HOT CHINA DOLL OF AMERICAN PORN

Instantly recognisable and apparently instantly arousable, Mai Lin is an increasingly popular performer with her public and her producers. Loops, full length adult films and live performances on stage—she does them all with infectious enthusiasm. *Chris Redding* interviewed her at home with her photographer husband, Dean . . .

PORNO PRINCESS

Her first job, in a film called *Prisoners of Paradise,* really threw her in at the deep end — almost four hours with John Holmes and his fourteen inch plonker. Since then she has learned the business well, and fast. She's appeared in, among others, *The Dancers, Undulations, The Blonde, Beyond Your Wildest Dreams, Roomies* plus regular appearances in the *Lusty Ladies* and *Rolls Royce* film series and *Swedish Erotica* loops. Dean, her husband, can often be found on the set of one of her movies, or backstage at the Mitchell Brothers' famous Ultra Room and Copenhagen Lounge — watching her in action. They have an autographed photo from Marilyn Chambers which reads, "The horniest couple I know."

KNAVE: Mai Lin, what would you say is the most enjoyable aspect of your erotic film career?

MAI LIN: The people. They are really wonderful. And I get a lot of sexual gratification out of it, too. I mean, there are times when the director says stop and you have to let your personal thing slip by, but I enjoy the people and I like coming a lot. (She laughs.) I always get off on that. And there's nothing like getting fucked for four or five hours at a time. You can't always do that at home. I mean you can, but when you go to work and you get that anticipation of (pause, laughter), wow, I wonder who I'm going to fuck today? That's kind of exciting for me, I really like that.

KNAVE: You're involved in different segments of the industry. You have loops, you have the adult motion pictures and you have live performances such as your Mitchell Brothers' feature act. Which do you prefer?

MAI LIN: The only thing that I don't like about performing at a theatre is that you get sexual frustrations because it's illegal to take somebody out and fuck 'em. But when I do those shows to entertain people I get off on the shows. I like dealing with the people in loops, I like dealing with the people in feature films. I enjoy the work, especially at the Mitchell Brothers, because I meet so many people. The customers are interesting and I like to touch a lot, so it gives me that opportunity.

KNAVE: Are there any particular producers or directors that you enjoy working with?

MAI LIN: I really can't say that I like one over the other. But all the ones that I have dealt with made the experience very enjoyable. Since each producer and director has their own style, sometimes you'd be in a working mood and one producer may work you to death, which you can learn to enjoy because it brings out a good product. And then another producer may be more lax and you may love that because that day you didn't feel too good. Sometimes a more relaxed style turns out a good product.

I don't have any preferences as far as directors go, either. The ones that I've heard are awful to work with, I've never had to work with. And that's by design, because unless the job pays extremely well, I try to turn it down because of all the bad things I've heard about them.

KNAVE: Dean, what role do you play in her dealings with producers and directors?

DEAN: I usually weed those bad people out. They expect her to be there by herself, and when I show up with her at the interview they have no part for her in the movie. Which means that we didn't want to work with them to start with. If they were serious about putting out a movie with good people, my presence wouldn't keep Mai Lin from getting the part.

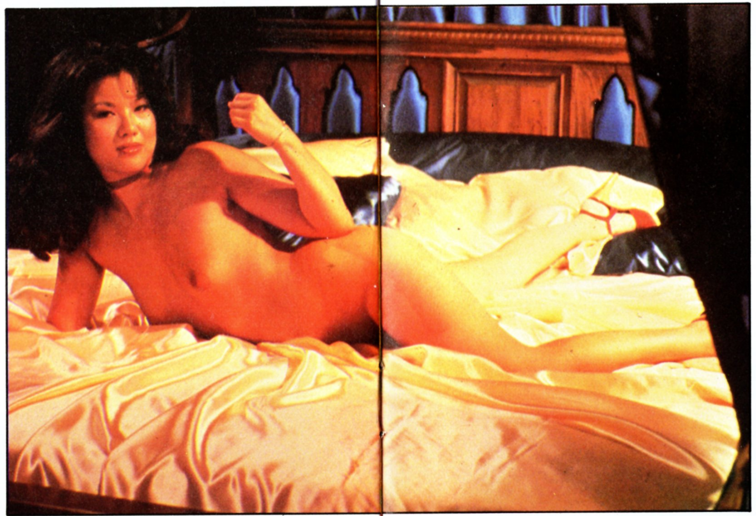
Mai Lin lying back in 1001 Erotic Nights, (below), bedding down in Skin on Skin and, (below right), coming on strong in Beyond Your Wildest Dreams.

Very few of the producers, directors — whoever is doing the casting for a movie — are doing the casting and satisfying their sexual needs at the same time. The good ones are out to make a good film and hire good people regardless. Those others may be out to make a good film, but they're out to get laid at the same time.

KNAVE: You have a different view of her films because you are on the outside looking in. Doesn't anyone stand out in particular?

DEAN: Well, Anthony Spinelli is an excellent director and Bob Vosse is one of the best as far as loops go. He's a little grouchy, but he puts out a product that you can be proud of.

KNAVE: As opposed to a motion picture where there is some story buildup, in loops you usually just come right in and start getting it on. Is there any difference in your preparation for loops than for motion pictures? Are loops more intense since it's just you and one or two people?



MAI LIN: Well, I put out the same amount of energy for a loop as I do for a film because I'm there to promote my name and put out a good product. When I first started doing loops, I did one for everybody and then I would wait and see how the product came out. The ones that weren't very good, their story lines were very short. They didn't care about make-up, wardrobe or anything. So now, the only ones that I will do loops for, unless they pay me a real high price, are Bob Vosse or Swedish Erotica. When you work for one of those two people, it's just like doing a regular feature because they spend extra time on lighting, they have extra people on the crew, they take more time for the story line.

Somebody's who doing a real fast loop may take 30 minutes to two hours to complete it. If the better loop-makers get done in two hours, that's really quick. The pros take four and sometimes eight hours to complete their product, more times than not.

KNAVE: Do you have any particular sex acts that you enjoy performing more than others?

MAI LIN: I can't really name off any particular thing that I like because they're all enjoyable. The only thing that I don't like is when, for instance, the other day we were filming and the director was filling the bathtub up with fake come and it was very slippery. So, what we were doing is we were sucking on cock, we had one in each hand and were trying to take one in the back and it scared me to death because I thought I was going to fall and break my neck. So that was a combination of being scared to death and having a lot of fun.

Another one where I was having a good time but didn't like the situation was a scene where I was doing the wheelbarrow, which calls for you to stand on your hands and have sex. If I do that for more than an hour, that would be hard on my back. But other than that, um, anal. I can't do anal because that really gets to me.

I would rather get fucked for four hours than suck for four hours. That's what I would rather do. But if I had to suck for 20 minutes, I would

(This picture), looking very touchable in *Skin on Skin*. All the other pictures specially photographed for us by Peter Bartok.

enjoy that as much as I would fucking for 20 minutes. But if you want one over the duration, sucking is a little hard for four hours. (She laughs.)

KNAVE: Do you have any actors or actresses that you enjoy working with more than others?

MAI LIN: Well, Juliet Anderson is very professional, Jody Maxwell is very profesional, most of the ones that have been in the business — Annette Haven — for years, are all very good people to work with. Veronica Hart is also a good actress.

KNAVE: As far as physical ability is there anyone that you prefer to perform with?

MAI LIN: As far as the women, no, they are all very gentle and they are all very considerate. As far as the male actors go, Richard Pacheco and Jamie Gillis are good to perform with. John Holmes I have a great consideration for, only because his dick is fourteen inches long and he knows how to use it. He's very gentle, so I give the gentleman a lot of credit in that he doesn't use it like a club. But the guys with seven or eight inch dicks treat you nice also.

KNAVE: So Mr. Holmes doesn't use his love organ as a battering ram.

MAI LIN: Right. He's very professional and has a really good attitude.

DEAN: The longest sex scene Mai Lin ever had in a movie was three and a half to four hours with John Holmes. On screen, it only came out to be four or five minutes. But it took a lot longer to shoot. John kept asking the crew if they were filming and the crew was all sitting on the bed watching. (Laughter.) One of the guys would say that the camera was rolling but there was no one on the camera.

KNAVE: Which movie was this?

MAI LIN: That was *Prisoner of Paradise,* but they didn't give me any film credit. That was my first movie and I had the best sex scene and appeared throughout the movie.

KNAVE: Do you get your film credits mixed up often?

DEAN: Most producers and directors will see that you get credits. That was our first film and we just didn't follow through and know how to go about getting credits in the beginning. We were just excited about being there. When *Prisoners of Paradise* came out Mai Lin was called Miko Moto or something like that. And they had also dubbed her voice. So, her body was there but her name wasn't there, nor her voice.

KNAVE: Mai Lin, do you feel that beside the mystique that you have on account of your beauty and the spectacular way you move, there is also the mystique of your Chinese heritage? To me it seems that just as Vanessa Del Rio has the mystique of the hot Latin mama, for example, you have a mystique as a hot China doll.

MAI LIN: Yes, I think that's true. When you're stereotyping, that adds a mystique to anything. And I don't mind having an Oriental mystique — I really enjoy it. But a lot of times people turn me down for a role in a film because they say there is no part for an Oriental. But if you think about it, I can play any part, except maybe a blue-eyed blonde — and you could put a wig on me and give me a shot at that. I don't have a Chinese accent. I just have slanted eyes and my pussy hairs are straight. And so, what upsets me a little bit is when they turn me down because I'm Chinese. They don't turn me down because I can't act and they don't turn me down because my hair is black, etc. They turn me down because I'm Chinese.

But I don't mind at all being Chinese and I don't mind playing Chinese parts. I want to make that clear.

KNAVE: So it's a two-way street that sometimes works against you.

MAI LIN: Right. But it doesn't work against Vanessa in that she can play parts other than Latin parts. She has both, the ability to be Latin *and* to play a woman of no particular nationality.

DEAN: If you had her tits you could play other kinds of parts also.

MAI LIN: That's true. I think big tits are important in the industry. But they don't turn me down for having small tits, on the other hand.

KNAVE: The people we've heard the most about in the past year — yourself, Marilyn Chambers, Jesie St. James and Juliet Anderson — don't have real big tits and that certainly hasn't held any of you back. People must be getting to the point where they rate you on the basis of your ability to stimulate them on the screen, not just your anatomy.

MAI LIN: That's true. Juliet's got the biggest jugs of the three of us.

DEAN: You have to establish yourself first. Annette Haven had to establish herself, Marilyn Chambers had to establish herself, and Mai Lin is going to have to establish herself. Happily, she's got a good start, and once she's established, tits won't have anything to do with her chances to get a part.

KNAVE: Dean, a lot of readers are curious about the relationship between erotic film stars and their husbands and boyfriends, as far as them handling the knowledge that

the gals are making it with other men. You have been on the set and seen Mai Lin in action with other men. What's the key to separating her business from her pleasure, without getting jealous or uptight?

DEAN: I've always believed in an open relationship and I basically was the one that got her in the business to start with. There is no jealousy because I know that it is something she enjoys doing and I enjoy watching her do. And I know that I'm going to be here tomorrow and the next day, but that guy she's with is just for that particular time.

If she was seeing a guy regularly, like two or three times a week, and I wanted her to go to see a show with me or go out to dinner and she said, well, I really was planning on going with so and so, then I would be jealous. And I'd try to put a stop to that relationship. But she's pretty understanding and I'm understanding and everything works out real good for us.

KNAVE: As far as making intense love over a prolonged period of time, which is more important, Mai Lin, your mental or physical stimulation?

MAI LIN: Well, when I'm more intense I'm more lubricated. No, the only thing that I could see that would be physically bad would be the male's job to have to keep it up and concentrate on not coming until he's supposed to. Me, being the female, I can just lie back and enjoy it all. All I have to remember is where the camera is and listen to when the director says move this way or that or go faster or slower. That's basically the only thing I have to do other than enjoy myself. If I don't have enough lubrication when I get dry or something, there's always some kind of lubricant on the set for that.

The only thing that can be really hard for a female is if she runs into a male with a large dick and he beats her with it. But I haven't run into anybody that would do that, because all the men I've worked with, if you say that's too far, they'll only put it in halfway. Or if you're not feeling well that day because you fucked 40 people the night before and you just happen to be sore. They are very understanding.

KNAVE: I already asked your husband this. What's the key when you're on the set, making out with a guy with your husband watching, to keeping the distance between business and pleasure?

MAI LIN: Oh, well, he gets off on watching me. The only thing that would upset him would be if I was in pain and I screamed for some guy to stop and he wouldn't. But that has never happened. When business is business, that's business, and the same goes for your social life. If you can mix the two that's great.

KNAVE: How about staying in shape? Do you do any type of daily exercise? It would seem that someone who performs the way you do would have to be in good condition.

MAI LIN: *Well!*

DEAN: She talks about exercising a lot. She spent a lot of money to join a health club which she goes to once a year. (Laughter).

MAI LIN: Yeah, that's it. I would say though that if you go on a set and fuck for eight hours, that's a lot of exercise, right? No, I try, but I don't have any set routine.

KNAVE: Since you two are around sex so much, do you have times when you're at home together and you want to just cool out and not even deal with it?

DEAN: She's always ready. (He laughs). But I like to cool out.

MAI LIN: Yeah, the only time that I'm not ready is when, say, an accident happened on the set and somebody cut me with a fingernail and I'm bleeding or something. If I'm real sick or even if I'm sleepy, I'm ready. If I'm sleeping and somebody starts fucking me, I'll wake up real soon, and I'll just fuck and fuck and fuck until I fall asleep again. I'm really easily aroused and I sometimes have a problem with that because I have business that I have to get done and if someone wants to fool around I have a hard time telling him no. So, it can work against you. Even though it works for me most of the time. Then a lot of times, if I can't find any gratification because nobody else is around, I know how to gratify myself.

DEAN: Sometimes when I'm busy working in my darkroom or whatever, I neglect my homework as far as Mai Lin is concerned. I'm really not into sex at that particular time. That's bad for her, but what's good for her is our open relationship where if she wanted to she could have sex. I'll be in there doing my darkroom routine and she can call up a special friend and he can come over and they can have sex all night if they want. And usually, I'll forget about the darkroom and come in and join them. (He laughs). But having an open relationship works. ■

The Rudest Nudist

Taking off your clothes doesn't make you sexy—Naturists come across as a pretty sexless bunch, by and large. But not all of them apparently. *Mike Huntington* reveals all ...

Nudism is one of those things most people enjoy looking into, but know very little about. Yet for such a simple leisure activity — after all, all you have to do is take off all your clothes — it seems to arouse an incredible amount of contradictory waves.

To some people Nudists are debauchers of children, brazen whores, sordid perverts, homosexuals, exhibitionists and lesbians — and probably all at once, as well. The Naturists themselves insist that they are as pure as snow, and that sexual thoughts never enter their heads — or any other place.

To the Sunday newspapers, Nudists are fair game. 'Nudist Romps in Sexy Sue's Caravan,' and the reporter always leaves too early. Without a reporter present, myths have to be substituted for fact. These myths turn all Nudists into glorious golden girls surrounded by glorious golden boys with huge, permanent erections in solid gold.

Just for once, reality is far more exciting than the myths and prejudices. Which just proves that when you look at Nudism it is best to keep your eyes wide open.

Mandy and I have been Nudists for several years. I would stress that to me being a Nudist means taking all my clothes off and lying naked on a beach. I have never been interested in going to a Naturist club or camp. The idea of playing table tennis in the nude just seems plain ridiculous to me. Not to mention painful.

More important — I suspect, to readers of this magazine — Naturist Clubs keep out Single Males with all the shot-gunned ferocity of a Victorian Paterfamilias. Yet they allow and encourage single girls to join and frolic naked on their guarded lawns. Either the Committees of the Clubs are unbelievably pure in mind and body — or they knew a good thing when they see it and are determined to hang on to it.

For me it all started with some friends. They had been to a big Nudist beach in South Devon, enjoyed themselves and invited us to go with them next time. I had always wanted to . . . but . . . gulp! I mean, how would I react to all those naked ladies? And worse . . . crumbs! Mandy has a fantastic figure. How would other males react to her? Supposing some handsome god fancied her. Naturally he would be hung like a mule. Mandy has a healthy, uninhibited appetite . . .

But Mandy wanted to go and so we went!

You know that weird dream where you are suddenly at a party stark naked. Everyone else is fully clothed and they stare at you. The more they stare, the more you feel naked. Walking along that wide beach fully clothed was the reverse — only worse.

Hundreds and hundreds of men, women and children, all stark naked. All doing the things on a beach that people do on a beach — only with nothing on. Nothing at all. We, clothed, were the outsiders. People looked at us with a strange wariness. Instead of being terrified of stripping off in front of a whole horde of strangers, I couldn't wait to stop being a Y-fronted minority.

The sun was hot and strong. Mandy came out of her clothes in a bounce of big boobs and long legs. The other girls with us were oiling each other — gulp — all over. Everywhere. I tried to think pure thoughts. Looked at pretty sea gulls. Looked at nice little sailing boats bobbing on the blue sea. The harder I tried to be pure, the harder I got. I've always had a thing about bare bodies glistening with oil. And this was Paradise.

When Sally began to massage oil into Mandy's bum and inner thighs, it was too much. Just in time I flung myself on to my towel. My prick burrowed into the hot sand like a berserk mole. My white, bare bum blinked at the sun, dazzled.

Mandy rubbed oil on to my back, then offered to do my front. I excused myself on the grounds that I was quite happy buggering pebbles. She giggled, sliding bare boobs over my back. What it is to have an understanding old lady!

Gradually I calmed down. Began to look around. Now that we had taken off all our clothes, the stares had stopped. We had proved ourselves by donning the uniform. Mandy and Sally were talking to an elderly couple about the weather, like they always stood around in the nude discussing meteorology. The two other guys in our party were just lying on their backs in the sun, pricks the normal size.

Cautiously I turned over, slyly straightening my towel, filling in the hole I'd made. I looked around, poised ready to roll over in case the strain was too much for my blood pressure. Instead I made an interesting discovery. The human body can never really be ugly as long as it is healthy and suntanned. The elderly couple Mandy and Sally were talking to must have been in their late sixties, but there was nothing grotesque about either of them. And hey, but it was nice seeing nice little kids digging sand castles in their birthday suits. They'd grow up with none of the hangups about their bodies most of us have.

"She was so unconcerned and proud of her body! She smiled at me in a calm, erotic way that sent me spinning onto my belly again, doing unspeakable things to pebbles."

Just as I was congratulating myself on being pure and clean minded, a young couple strolled past us. He was a nice looking guy; she a pretty girl. Nothing special. But naked! Pow! Two nice little breasts, firm belly, fur between her freely moving thighs glistening with oil. She was so unconcerned and proud of her body! She smiled at me in a calm, erotic way that sent me spinning on to my belly again, doing unspeakable things to pebbles.

In fact I spent most of that first day spinning like a joint on a spit. When we got home Mandy and I fell on each other and screwed our eyeballs out. She was as turned on by it all as I was. Ladies are lucky — it doesn't show. She was curious to know what colour erect, sunburned pricks went. She'd seen a lot of pricks decently under control, all turned brown by the sun. It fascinated her to think what would happen when the pricks grew.

By the time my prick was sunburned enough for her to experiment with, (the skin stayed the same colour), I had learned to control myself on the beach. Our unsightly white marks where our swimming gear had been had disappeared. Mandy was a glorious colour all over.

Basically Naturism is a middle class sport. The upper classes have been disporting themselves on sunny islands for years. Well away from probing cameras and reporters, they can chase around in the Caribbean surf as naked as silver spoons. They can then come back to England and pass laws trying to stop the rest of us from doing so. Presumably they think that if they enjoy it, it must be too good for the rest of us.

At the other end of the scale the good old puritanical Working Class ethics makes avid readers of what happened in 'Sexy Sue's caravan' before that wimp of a reporter left. They still consider taking their clothes off as being 'dirty' and so ensure excellent employment opportunities for journalists who don't.

Right from the start I thought that there must be some action going on behind the scenes somewhere. Looking at all those healthy, tanned bodies convinced me of it.

But for a while it seemed as if I was wrong and that sex and Nudism didn't go together. Whole families go to the beaches. There are always a lot more men around than women. Certainly there are no naked nymphs waiting to be picked up by well hung strangers.

So no sex? Certainly there is none if you go to a Nudist beach with a whole gaggle of beer swilling mates and goggle around drinking and making pleasant remarks like "Cor, look at those knockers", or, "Whorrr! Get between those thighs and she'd make your eyes water."

Similarly, wandering around a Nudist beach with a camera and a big telephoto lens isn't going to endear you, either. It's no use protesting that in the U.K. it is permissible to photograph anyone in a public place without their permission. If you have been taking crafty shots of som one's naked lady, they aren't going to worry about legal niceties and everyone will be on their side. Rightly.

You must understand that nearly everyone on a Naturist beach has a sneaking fear lingering at the back of their minds — 'what would my family — friends — employers think if they found out that I am a Nudist?.' Nudism is still regarded as some kind of sexual deviation by a lot of people in responsible positions.

So you won't find instant action on a Nudist beach. Inhibitions aren't shed with clothes. Nor will you find many unattached girls. What you will find is an incredibly free sex life going on behind the scenes among some Nudists. This is based on contacts and friends made on the beach.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that just because someone sunbathes in the nude they are wild, orgy-partaking swingers. That would be unfair and even worse — untrue. But every Naturist beach seems to be the same in every country we have worked in. I'm a writer and photographer, and unlike the Sundays I've never made any secret of it. Once people trust you, they tend to bare their chests — nice bit that — and tell you the most amazing things. I've changed names around, of course, and no one is recognisable. I also didn't make the usual excuses and leave.

"Clothes kind of vanished and I found myself bouncing on a nice comfortable bed with a very naked June. The nice, mumsy lady of the beach was warm, juicy and very ready."

As I say, no single girls, so if you're looking for a girl friend, try somewhere else. If you're looking to broaden your sexual education and outlook, try it.

The first inkling that Mandy and I had that things weren't as pure as propaganda had us believe was when we were invited to a party by June. June appeared to be very, very respectable — two dear little kids, nice husband, good job; in fact just normal, semi-detached middle class. When she warned us that her parties got a bit 'wicked' I thought she meant they sometimes put something funny in the drinks.

It is odd seeing people you have only seen nude before, dressed. In a normal relationship the reverse is true, of course. You meet a girl, spend time and trouble and, if you're lucky, get her undressed. Here it was different. People were almost strangers.

I guess that was the reason most people seemed to want to get down to the basics of contact as soon as possible. Clothes kind of vanished and I found myself bouncing on a nice comfortable bed with a very naked June. The nice, mumsy lady of the beach was warm, juicy and very ready for a sunburned shaft. She was also insatiable.

During the party she kept on disappearing and coming back looking tireder and tireder and very happy.

Mandy was doing her own research that seemed to involve being photographed giving a fake blow job to everyone with a sun tanned prick. She kept it up until the guy with the Polaroid ran out of film and had her himself. His wife or girl-friend or whatever was making nice noises under me at the time so I could hardly complain.

June and I got talking early next morning. She and her husband had tried swinging, but never really liked the people they met. They had a good marriage going, but wanted a bit of fun. They wanted sex with other people, but didn't want to have to hide anything. In fact Mandy and I agreed later that the most enjoyable part of parties like this is telling each other what we had done and with whom.

Neither June nor her husband were shy, so they decided to try sunbathing on a Nudist beach. At first, like us, they'd thought that there wasn't any action at all. But after a while they'd been invited back for a drink by a couple of guys. Having their kids with them, they'd had to refuse. However, the two guys turned up later at their house with wine and broad grins.

They had all ended up in bed together. June's eyes glazed at the memory. She had learned all about multiple orgasms and a lot more besides.

June's husband's reaction interested me. He had been positively thrilled at seeing his wife being had by two guys and had joined in enthusiastically himself. All three of them had taken turns on her energetic, willing body. He had a pretty wife and got a great kick out of seeing other people find her attractive.

Mind you, there are some men who go to the beach by themselves, leaving their

By the way, we'd better point out that the people in these pictures are straightforward, squeaky clean Naturists and are not the ones referred to in this feature – Ed.

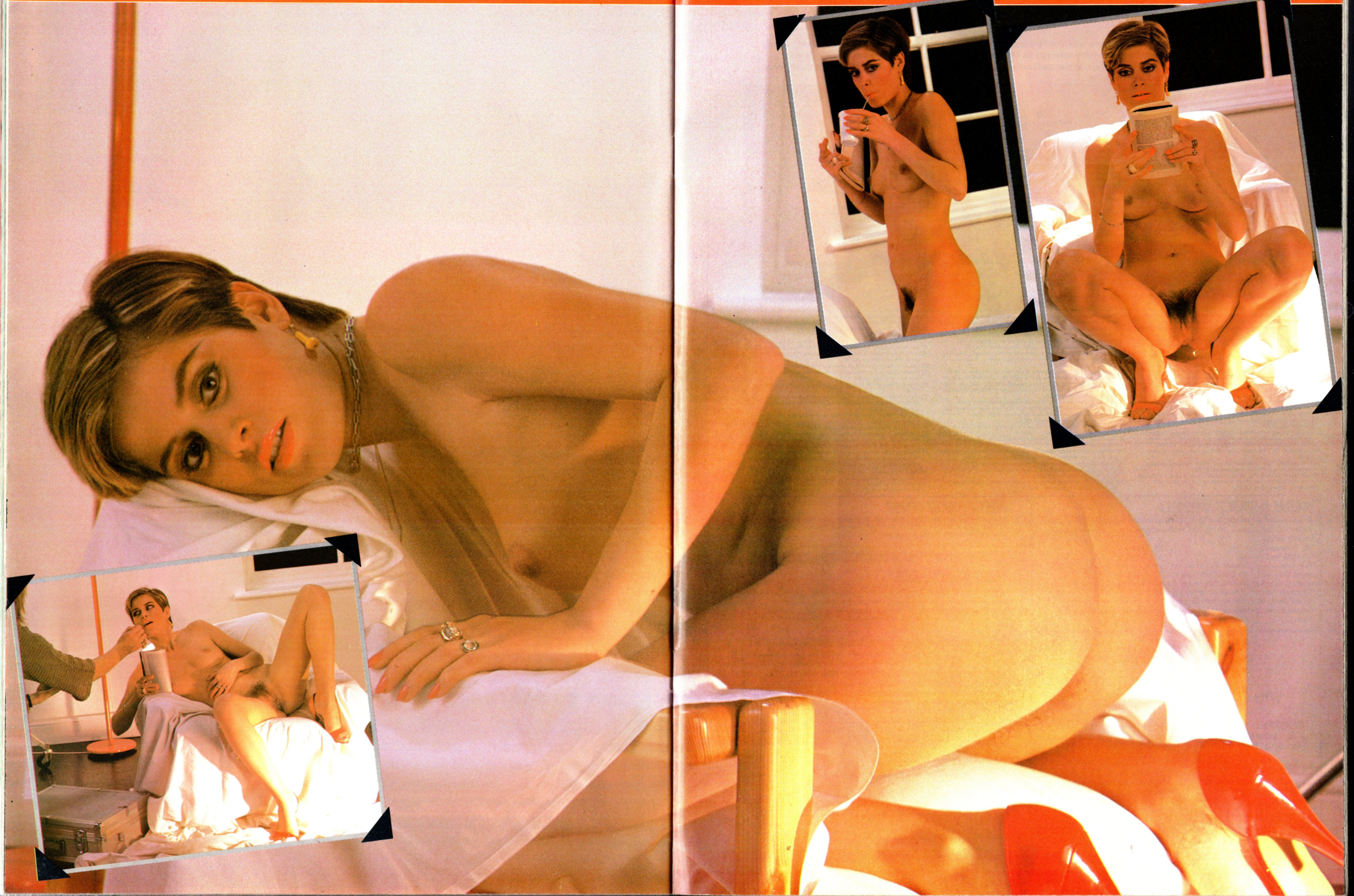
jeanne-marie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY K. K. JONES

So this *amaaazing* girl walks in and has the Editor drooling in his muesli. She's been a fashion model in Paris — so we set up a 'fashion' session to make her feel at ease and took rude pictures of her having her picture took. Get the picture? But how the hell do you say, ''Get your knickers off, open your legs and show us yer . . .'' — in French? Yes, but how do you say it *politely*?

Jeanne-Marie is a 5′ 4″ Parisienne with a lovely bum and 23 years. She has the kind of voice that makes you wish you spoke French and the kind of smile that makes you wonder if you need to . . .

She likes cooking, but prefers burgers and ice cream when she's eating out. Her jeans are by some company called YSL, and her fur coat was still twitching. But she's unlikely to be grey in the dark . .



Rachel Chapman

AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Rachel comes from up Lincolnshire way, and has only been married a few months — so we thought we'd try a few Close Encounters of the Nuptial Kind. Doesn't she look sweet! And what a sexy little smile — looks like Terry, her husband, is on a permanent promise. She's nineteen years old and 5′3″ tall, has a perfect 34-23-34 figure and likes cats. She also likes cream herself and does a marvellous job for the Milk Marketing Board in *Caught In The Act* (pages 8 & 9) — plus extraordinary things to a cream cake. Would-be Amateur Models please note . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS

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. . . .

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. . . .

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